1609/6032.

THE Whimsical Love OF THOMAS WHITTLE.

WHEREIN IS EXHIBITED

HIS COMICAL RECEPTION,

WITH THE

IMPERIOUS BEAUTY,

ANN DOBINSON.

DIGESTED INTO PROSE AND VERSE.

'Tis hard Love's Passion to know,—
'Tis hard to feel the piercing Blow;—
Yet greater Harashps still remain,—
To love and yet to love in Vain.

Entered according to Order.

1609/6032.

JUN 74

THE

WHIMSICAL LOVE

OF

THOMAS WHITTLE.

LOVE, where it is truly fixed on a proper Object, and meets with a ſuitable Reception, inſtills ſuch an agreeable Softneſs into the Soul,—ſuch a Smoothneſs to the Diſpoſition—ſuch winning Carriage,—and ſuch a genteel Deportment, as to make every Thing harmonious, and takes Poſſeſſion of every Man's Heart; but where Love finds Obſtructions and meets with Inſults and Contempt added to Cruelty, Rage and Reſentment uſurp the Seats of Love and Amity, and the diſtempered Soul breathes nothing but Whirlwind and

Tempeſt, which raiſes up the Billows of diſturbed Paſſions, to ſhipwreck the Judgment, and throws all the intellectual Faculties into Convulſions.

The Reaſon of my making this Obſervation, is a Story I had from an Acquaintance of mine, one—what a Pox makes me forget his name! If I am not miſtaken it's ſomething of a blunt-edged Tool,—a *Whittle*, a *Whittle*. This *Whittle* fell in love with a North-country Beauty, and the diſorder his love had occaſioned, was ſufficiently obvious in the Confuſion of his relating the Occurrences of it. The Girl's Name was *Ann Dobinſon*; but he in Imitation of the old romantic Lovers, formed her *Cælia*, and ſo will I, becauſe it is of a ſhorter Accent and Pronunciation: But hang it, I was never good at telling a ſtory, ſo I will give it you, as he gave it me, Part in Proſe, and Part in Verſe, juſt according to the ebbing and flowing of his Paſſion.

HIS SONG,

Tune of, *Peaſe Straw.*

FA, la, ra, la, ra, let us ſing,
And laugh till all be blue,
Tho' I have come a ſilly Thing,
I ſcorn to ſigh and rue,
I'd number Love among my Foes,
And conquer it and die,
And ſlight and ſcorn the Charms that flows
From CÆLIA's ſparkling Eye.

For I have heard my old Grandmother, who had more old Proverbs and Canterbury

Tales, than ſhe had Teeth in her Head, ſay, *That haſty Marriage is haſty Vengeance;* and, *If you marry too ſoon, you may repent too late;*

and, *The only Way to deal with a proud ſcornful Maid is to ſlight her.* Theſe Senſes are worth my Meditation: But I forgot my Song.

Come then aſſiſt, ſome lofty Muſe,
Mean grov'ling Thoughts expel;
Strong ſprightly, blazing Figures chuſe,
And make my Numbers ſwell;
And raiſe my Fancy to a Height,
That may direct my Tongue,
To do the lovely CÆLIA Right
And do myſelf no Wrong.

Well, I cannot but conclude, that we Ballad-makers are a ſet of mean Block-heads; Fellows that cannot make a few hobbling Rhymes, without troubling the Muſes: they would have a good Time on't if we were all dead, for we never let them alone while we live;—but let me proceed:

Fair CÆLIA full of powerful Charms,
Subdues and wins all Hearts;
Her native Beauty quite diſarms,
All borrow'd Airs and Arts:
All Paradiſe bloom'd in her face,
But fenc'd about from Sin;
For GOD in either Eye doth place,
An awful Cherubim.

The Devil's on't now the Thoughts of her has put me out of my Song again, and I

muſt even tell you in plain Terms, that her Arms, Hands, Legs, Feet, Thighs, Belly, Water-courſe, and Appurtenances to the ſame belonging, are all of a Piece, and conformable to her Head: And now I'll go on again, and begin with myſelf.

At CARIBO, on a fatal Day,
I chanc'd to ſee and view,
This CÆLIA's Face more freſh than May,
When ev'ry Bloſſom's new;
Like painted GRISSEL at her Wheel,
Acting the Houſewife's Part,
My Spirits in my Veins did reel,
And love danc'd in my heart.

Well, you will not believe what an Alteration the Sight of her produced in me in a Moment; my Senſes and Paſſions were all in an Uproar in the twinkling of a Bedſtaff; if ſhe ſmiled, it elevated me to the Skies; and then for an old Song, *Hey, my Nanny my Nanny O;* but if ſhe frown it depreſſed me again and my Heart ſunk like lead. Had you ſeen me you would have ſworn I had been got in the Change of the Moon; for I waxed and wained a hundred Times in half an Hour: But let me begin with my Song.

My Mind like SCYLLA's on the Sea,
Was toſſed too and fro;

My Spirits blaz'd my Heart beat high,
Love tyraniz'd below:
With rapid Motion all drove on,
Courage and Blood did boil;
And I reſolv'd to fight the Man,
That robb'd me of her Smile.

Well ſaid,—I'm in a deviliſh Heat, I'll give them a fair Challenge, if there be any that dare lay Claim to the beauteous *Cælia*, as I hope there is none, I dare him to the Encounter: Let him meet me on the *Rigs*, at the Backſide of *Buſhby's* Barn: If he be wiſe he will not, but will conſider there is Danger in the Action. I'll win her with my Sword; and he who dare pretend a Title to a Hair of her, ſhall ſup with *Old Nick*.—— What, no Companion appears?

No Man appears! Would one ſtep forth
We'd have a ſingle Bout:
Like Dirt or Mire upon the Earth
I'd cruſh him underfoot;
Such Heaps of Vengeance I would lay,
On his deteſted Head,
That every one that ſaw ſhould ſay,
'Tis well for he is dead.

But ſtay, I run too faſt; what a little diminutive Thing is that which pops in the Head on't? Bleſs me, I doubt it is a Spirit! I beg your Pardon, Mr. Ghoſt.——I did not

Challenge a Fairy. Hah! my old Friend *Allen;* paſh, him and I will never fall out: How doſt thou do? Hah! another.—Hah! and another, old *Iſrael's* eldeſt Son *Reuben* and CÆLIA's young Maſter, *Tom o' the Town End;* and who the Devils he that follows, a tall Fellow? paſh, 'tis no Man when I look, 'tis one of the Things that makes Coats. There is *Will Wildfire* too, De'il be in him, he'll raiſe all the Pitmen about me. Pox take them, I ſhall be overdone with Odds, and if they wont be civil—I will

But what if CŒLIA diſapproves,
How hapleſs then's my Fate;
If I ſhould hurt the Man ſhe loves,
Then I draw down her Hate.
I'd chuſe to die oppreſs'd with Scorn,
E'er ſhe ſhould change her Cheer;
Or rather ſee all Nature mourn
Than ſhe ſhould ſhed a Tear.

The Fear of giving her Offence, has ſmothered my ruffled Paſſion. If the two and thirty Sons of *Æolus* broke forth all at once in my Breaſt, they could not blow up the Embers of Wrath nor diſcompoſe the calm Atoms that dwell in my heart; Reaſon again reſumes her Seat, and I am all Patience and Good-nature; and leſt the Inſults of Rivals

ſhould provoke me to Relapſe, I think 'tis beſt to withdraw.

Reluctantly I left the Prize,
With Pangs of Love perplex'd,
And ſought the Way, without my Eyes,
Which were on CÆLIA fix'd.
Pierc'd thro' with Cupid's ſharpeſt Dart,
Men gave me up for loſt,
For CÆLIA's Face and charming Eyes.
Have turn'd me to a Ghoſt.

I'm ſure I left my Heart with her, for I cannot find the leaſt Token of having ſuch a Member in my Body ſince, and when I was in View of the Houſe, I was ſtill going to *Wallington*, as I imagined; but looking back to *Buſhby's*, my Feet were all the Guide, for my Eyes were fix'd on *Cælia* whilſt ſhe was to be ſeen, and afterwards on the Place of her Reſidence, until the View, leſſening by Degrees, I had loſt that alſo. I turned my Head to look for *Wallington*, and had loſt it likewiſe, until at laſt I knew it by the Tree, otherwiſe, I fancy I might have wandered till now; for amongſt other Loſſes, I had loſt, at leaſt, eight Parts of the Compaſs. O, the Charms of *Cælia!*

Her Head ten Thouſand Graces crown'd
Too fine to be expreſs'd,

Ten thouſand Cupids flutter'd round
Her ſnowy Neck and Breaſt.
Such darling Beauties—ſuch bright Eyes,
Ne'er ſhone beneath the Sun,
She'd raiſe an Angel to the Skies,
Or draw an Angel down.

I dare not attempt farther, but ſtand amazed at the awfulneſs of the Theme I have choſen.—Her incomparable Perfections may be adored, but cannot be deſcribed; my weak Fancy ſinks beneath ſo glorious a Burthen, and it is altogether impoſſible for a far

brighter Genius to repreſent her Character; ſucceſsful Heavens has done it to a Miracle in her Perſon; and Fame like one that has got a hold, loſes her voice in chanting out Encomiums upon her.

Invincible I did remain,
Till I her Face did ſee;
All Female Charms were us'd in vain,
For captivating me.
In CAPRICORN, or in CANCER,
I could endure their Scorn;
Three Summer ſmiles and Winter frowns,
To me are always one.

Indeed, I once thought it a Blemiſh to the Dignity of a Man to ſuffer Love to have ſo noble a Thorn in his Heart; nay, I was ſo much an Infidel, as to believe it never dare aſſume the Boldneſs to aſſault me; but one Side-glance *Cæ* ſoon convinc'd me of my Error, to my Coſt: Love like Lightning into my Breaſt, and, dilating itſelf, made more Wounds in my Breaſt than a thouſand Archers could have done with ten thouſand Bows and Arrows; and yet left ſo ſmall an Orifice, that the Devil a Probe will enter to ſearch thoſe Wounds.

Fair CÆLIA's Charms bore ſuch a Sway,
They made the World adore
Her careleſs Triumphs ev'ry Day,
Were ſpreading more and more,
Ye Powers! What is no Station free?
Whence lies the potent Spell?
Why did you give my Eyes to ſee,
And Paſſions to rebel?

How partial are the Fates! I wiſh I was your Tutor, or that my Word could go as far in the Zodiac as the Bounds of the ſeven Planets, I would learn *Cælia* another Leſſon, and no bold Impediment would be ſo forward as encounter me, or none try my Valour. I'll "win her and wear her" in ſpite of the World; but as it is, I think the Stars are averſe to my happineſs, and Companions to my Miſery; for I believe, if ſhe does not, for the general good of Mankind, leave this Part of the World, ſhe will diſpeople her native Soil, by raiſing up civil War againſt one half, and downright breaking the Hearts of the Reſt.

But ſtay, I do not know, by Gold,
  But CÆLIA may comply;
'Tis ſaid, that Fortune helps the bold,
  And I'm reſolv'd to try.
Before one fickly Minute die,
  I'll know if I ſucceed,
And like a Star ſhot thro' the Sky,
  I'll fly to her with Speed.

Well, I was ſo far infatuated, that, until I recollected myſelf, I was directly for taking the Lover's Leap; when the old Proverb luckily came into my Mind, *A faint Heart never won a fair Lady*, which, in ſome Meaſure revived me: Thought I, I'll never die a

Martyr, where, perhaps, I may live a Conqueror; nor loſe the Day before I begin the Battle. I'll live and have a Wife; and it ſhall be *Cælia:* The Breaſts that ſhe ſucked were neither Bear's nor Tyger's, neither does her Heart ſeem to be of Marble. The Thoughts of ſo many Marriages, as we have had of late, has almoſt gone with my Maidenhead, and they cannot but have put her in a Ferment: If ſhe was made of Ice I'd melt her. With this Reſolution I went to *Cambo*, to receive my Deſtiny:

When I to find my Charmer out,
Each Method did implore,
I found myſelf perplex'd with Doubts,
More than I was before.
Lik April Days that ſometimes ſhine,
That ſtrait turns Clouds and Rain,
Then ſmiles by Turns, and frowns by Times,
Now ſmiles and frowns again.

There is no Labyrinth like a Woman, by the Virtue of *Hocus Pocus*, here you have them, there you loſe them; *Preſto*, be gone, come again *Jack*: I think they were got in a Riddle. I called for a Mug of Ale at *Buſhby's*, and deſired to ſee *Cælia*. She came; I met her, and bowed till my Noſe near touched the Ground: I deſired her to ſit down; *Yes*, ſaid ſhe, *I will.—Yet, I think I wont.—*

Yet I think I will too.—Now I cannot: At laſt ſhe ſat her down, and I began to accoſt her, but found her Words altogether intricate. Said ſhe, *I could love you well enough.* Then I fancied I had been born with a Caul on my Face, or wrapped in a Woman's Smock. O ſaid ſhe, *but you muſt chuſe another.* Zounds! thought I, I am juſt where I was again *Yet do not deſpair*, ſaid ſhe, Very well anſwered I. *But never hope to enjoy*, ſaid ſhe, What, muſt I not? ſaid I. Well, I bleſs God that I was a Man, for I had neither Wit enough, nor

Cunning enough for a Woman. O! thought

I, what a pretty Weathercock thou art, that waxes and wanes ſo faſt; I wiſh that I was thy Huſband, to make a full Moon of thee.

I was at laſt forced to leave her juſt as I found her.

I left the fatal Place perplex'd
  Wirh love and anxious Care;
The Sunſhine of my Hope was mix'd
  With Tempeſts and Deſpair.
Alternately her Favovrs run,
  Sweet Honey mix'd with Gall,
Sometimes I thought ſhe favour'd none,
  Sometimes I fancy'd all.

When I parted from her I told her I would pay her another Viſit. That is more than you need, ſaid ſhe. *But*, ſaid I *I will come. You may do as you pleaſe*, ſaid ſhe.—*Shall I be welcome?* ſaid I. *Yes, very welcome*, ſaid ſhe.—*Nay*, added ſhe, *you may as well ſtay at Home*—*Nay*, ſaid I, *if that be all, I am never at Home, and when I am abſent from you I am abſent from myſelf.* When I left her, I was juſt like a Taper almoſt burnt out, all in Darkneſs; and then a Flaſh or two of Comfort, which was ſoon blown out again.

The rapid Flame that burnt my Breaſt,
  I oft to her reveal'd;
With Importunity I preſt
  But could not make her yield.

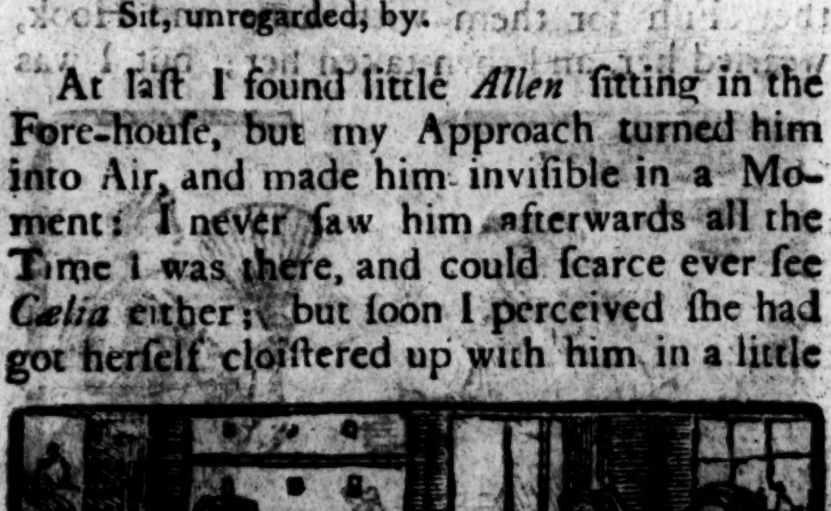
Th' enequal Temper of the Maid,
What worſe than her diſdain:
My love increas'd my Health decay'd,
I hop'd and griev'd in vain.

I hoped to have tired her, at her own Will, and catched her as they do Salmon, when they Fiſh for them with Line and Hook, wearied her, and then taken her; but I was

deceived. When plain Dealings would not do I flattered her; and, as we buy Children Spice and Rattles to learn them their Pravers, ſo I made her a fine Buſk to entice her; but all would not do.

But Hopes adieu, give Place to Rage,
Fair Nymphs are frail we ſee;
For CÆLIA does with Dwarfs engage,
And ſlights tall Men like me.
The Monkey, ALLEN's ſly Deceit,
Has taught her to comply,
While I (ſad Story to relate)
Sit, unregarded, by.

At laſt I found little *Allen* ſitting in the Fore-houſe, but my Approach turned him into Air, and made him inviſible in a Moment: I never ſaw him afterwards all the Time I was there, and could ſcarce ever ſee *Cælia* either; but ſoon I perceived ſhe had got herſelf cloiſtered up with him in a little



Room by themſelves: I ſaw her go in and

on; my optic Nerves ſhrunk at the Sight; and if my Eyes had endured it, unmoved, I ſhould have thought myſelf King of Eagles. The whole Senate of the Conſtellations, ſaid I, have now decreed my Ruin. Patience go live with Cuckolds! Tedious Expectation is an *Ignis Fatuus*, that leads Men out of the Way. Break forth my Wrath, like a conſuming Fire, and ſcorch the little Fellow to Aſhes.

Have I loſt my Diſcipline? And does ſuch as he train the military Way of Wooing? What avails my muſtering up whole Troops of Compliments, and putting Kiſſes in Rank and File?—And what ſignifies all my Reaſons, Grounds, Teſtimonies, Arguments, and Perſuaſions when this little Beagle of *Parnaſſus*, fit only to make a few lamentable Rhimes, and deal in paltry Ballads; one that maliciouſly gelds the Gifts of the Muſes, and injures the Bough of *Daphne*, can entice my Miſtreſs from me? Muſt he enjoy her, that hath neither Wit nor Fancy to make an Anagram or ſtudy a Poeſy for her Wedding-Ring? Oh, Heavens; that ſo divine a Beauty ſhould be ſo prodigal of her Favours, and place her Love on a Boy that can never deſerve it! Well, he's below my Wrath, and

ſhe deſerves my Pity; I'll e'en burn the Buſk and go on my Way.

Her very Eyes and Nod I watch'd,
Which did unguarded move,
And little Circumſtances catch'd,
Which all diſcover'd love.
Well, fickle CÆLIA, uſe your Art,
Let am'rous Fops adore,
I'll leave you, and recal my Heart,
And be the Fool no more.

I did ſo; I burnt the Buſk out of Madneſs and Vexation, and came away full of Scorn and Diſdain, to ſee ſuch a Pigmy preferred before me. Muſt I retain my Love, ſaid I, when ſhe hath loſt her Virtue? No, I'll knock off my Chains and re-aſſume my Liberty. Then I began to reflect that *Allen* might ſoon have as little Reaſon to boaſt of her Favours, which I found ſhe had beſtowed liberally, and blindly as Fortune does, without Regard to Worth or Merit. I then called to Mind, that at Chriſtmas, the Taylor I mentioned before, accompanied with another young Man and *Allen*, came to pay her a Viſit, and that they had her all Night by Turns in the ſame Room; where ſhe now was with *Allen*. Well, Women will deceive the *Spaniſh Inquiſition*, Sin looks ſo baſhful in them. I have ſeen *Cælia* bluſh, as if Modeſty had recoil'd

on her Cheeks, to reſt as on a Bed of Roſes, and yet kiſs all the Time as ſweet as a Syllabub. One knows not what may come of this; however, I am innocent.

What Notions to my Head did croud!—
What Fury made me mad!
To Fob the Girl, and make her proud,
Of Charms ſhe never had.
Sure I was all the while in Dream,
Fond Fancy bore the Sway:
But now I'll ſpew it up like Phlegm,
And throw vain Thoughts away.

Well, I find a Lover's Judgment never ſits on the infallible Choice; He adores the very Imperfections of his Miſtreſs and fancies every Part about her lovely; he is blind to all her Blemiſhes, but ſees all her Beauties in a magnifying Glaſs; and, as a careful Houſeholder has an Inventory of all his Goods, ſo hath the Lover of every Thing that is Praiſeworthy in his Miſtreſs; he turns Plagiary, and filches Encomiums from every Hyperbole and Romance, which a little Repetition confirms his Belief of: this I found confirmed in myſelf, for when I began to look on *Cælia* with more Judgment and leſs Partiality, I found how much I had over-priced her; and could not ſee any Beauty or Perfection in her ſo peculiar, but what the Generality

of her Sex might equalize; ſo that I did not

doubt but the Loſs of her might be ſupplied with another perhaps as good.

Now CÆLIA, once to me ſo dear,
Gives neither Joy nor Smart;
That Love's deteſtful now to hear,
That once lodg'd in my Heart,
Nor all the folding tranſient Charms,
Which makes the World adore;
Not CÆLIA's artful ſly Alarms,
Shall captivate me more.

I find that *Cælia* deals Pieces of her Fa-

yours to every one but me; the Reflection of ſuch a Wrong has awakened the Lethargy of my drowſy Soul, and recalled my fleeting Senſes; my Reaſon has vanquiſhed my Weakneſs, and appeaſed all the little Alarums of expiring Love: I have loſt my Ague, and recovered; my Pulſe beats Muſic, and my lively Blood dances a healthy Meaſure. Cupid, I ſhoot thee back thine Arrows, re-

turn them to thy Quiver, they are lent in vain to me; I am now armed againſt thy

Power. As for *Cælia*, I'll have an Artiſt beſpoke to frame three wonderful fine Weather-cocks; one to be placed at *Cambo*, one at *Shafto-crags*, and one on ſome Eminence nigh the *Whittingtons*, to ſhew which Way the Wind of her Affection blows next.

And now my Fellow-fools and Companions in the Court of Venus, *I* bid you a hearty Farewel; the Word Love, is wateriſh to my Taſte, and fit only to be digeſted by ſick Perſons and young Children: *I* will therefore leave the fooliſh Pleaſures of the Court to thoſe feeble ones ſheathing my Limbs in Armour, and walk forth to view the Tent of Mars, and the Trophies of that warlike God under whoſe Banner my victorious Sword ſhall bring the Monarchs of the World under my Subjection.

FINIS.

Tolon
Faucett
1808